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Allegiances

*** This might change later idk***

MOORCLAN

Leader: SHADESTAR- white tom with black patches over his eyes

Deputy: GREYSTORM- grey she-cat
Apprentice: Flashpaw

MEDICINE CAT

PEBBLELAKE- heavy grey and white tom

WARRIORS

FINCHCLAW- huge orange and white tom

ROBINDAWN- brown and white she-cat
Apprentice: Whitepaw

AMBERSHINE-dark ginger and white tabby she-cat

RIVERFISH- thick-furred black tom
Apprentice: Doepaw

APPLEFOOT- battlescarred pale brown and black tom

SUNFEATHER- tortishell and white she-cat

APPRENTICES

WHITEPAW-dark grey tabby she-cat with a white face

DOEPAW- pale brown she-cat

FLASHPAW- white tom

QUEENS

MORNINGPELT- pale ginger she-cat with short fur; nursing Finchclaw's kits
Kits: Gorsekit (speckled brown she-cat), and Blackkit (black tom)

LAKEFLOWER- dark blue grey tabby and white she-cat; nursing Applefoot's kits
Kits: Hawkkit (brown tabby tom), Cloudkit (white tom), and Moonkit (silver tabby she-cat)

SEACLAN

LEADER SUNSTAR- sandy tabby she-cat

DEPUTY RUNNINGSTREAM- thin grey tom
Apprentice: Ripplepaw

MEDICINE CAT

WILLOWTOE- tortishell she-cat

STRIPEFUR- dark tabby tom

APPRENTICES

RIPPLEPAW-black she-cat

HOOTPAW-grey and white tom

MOUNTAINCLAN
LEADER THUNDERSTAR-cream pelted tom

Deputy: EAGLESONG- golden and white tabby tom

ICECLAN

LEADER WILDSTAR- brown tabby she-cat with messy fur

MEDICINE CAT

BIRCHSTRIPE- black striped tom

WARRIORS

FROSTPELT- white she-cat with blue eyes

CATS OUTSIDE OF CLANS

HENRY- plump brown tabby tom

BETSY- small black and white she-cat

A short story I got an idea for one day in math xD. This will only probably be like 10 Chapters probably but that might change later.

Chapter 1

The she-kit squinted open her eyes. She gasped when she saw the nurserey wall looming up above her. *Wow! Everything is so gigantic!*

Gorsekit felt a paw nudge her in the side, making her mewl in suprise. "Sunfeather! Go fetch Finchclaw so he can see his kits. I think Gorsekit just opened her eyes."

"Right away Morningpelt." There was a scampering noise and the other she-cat dissapeared. Gorsekit wrinkled her small muzzle, *I wish I would have turned around fast enough so I could see what Sunfeather looks like.*

Maybe I can see what Morningpelt's fur color is. Gorsekit turned her head shakily to face her mother. Her head felt really heavy.

When she laid eyes on Morningpelt, she was there for a spilt second, her bright ginger pelt glowing in the morning light, before it was blanked out by black. *Oh no! What just happened?*

There was a ginger she-cat standing on a flat, black path when it was just starting to get dark. Gorsekit tried to move her paws, but she found they were rooted to the ground. The ginger she-cat was crouching in the middle of the path, her gaze fixed on a small furry thing hiding in the bushes. Gorsekit felt the ground beneath her paws beginning to shake, but the she-cat took no interest in it. Two bright, glowing eyes appeared out of the fog, it's huge black paws roaring as they drew closer to the she-cat.

"Look out!" Gorsekit shrieked, but it was too late. The metal beast struck the ginger cat, throwing her bleeding, broken body into the bushes. "Oh...oh no, " Gorsekit whimpered when she saw the ginger she-cat's corpse.

"Oh Gorsekit! You've opened your eyes!"

The dark scene faded away, and before her was the ginger she-cat,

expect she was alive and smelled like milk.

"Wait! It thought you were...you were." Gorsekit's voice trailed off as Morningpelt licked her head. *I thought you were just killed by that metal-beast.*

Morningpelt gazed outside, her new warm. "I think your brother, Blackkit, is playing with Finchclaw. Why don't you go and find them?"

"Okay!" Gorsekit mewed and tottered outside the stick den. The light of day made her narrow her eyes. *I never thought the moor would be this bright.*

As her small eyes adjusted, more cats came into her vison. Again, more awful deaths floated across her eyes, making her shudder. A solid brown she-cat sniffed red berries and ate some. After a few steps, she fell over; a stream of blood leaking from her open jaws. An orange and white tom was fighting with another cat, a strong looking brown tabby. He shrieked when the other cat bit his throat and fell to the ground. Another died old in his nest, another fell into a big space of water and sank...

Gorsekit mewled in fear, "Somebody, make it stop!" Blood was everywhere, turning the clearing red.

"Make what stop?"

A ginger and white tom was standing over her, his shape blotted out the sun. Gorsekit blinked and looked upward at the tom. He was the tom that was killed in battle.

Blackkit, his fur black as night, tottered up beside the big warrior. His green eyes were wide as he mewed. "This is Finchclaw, our father!"

Gorsekit shuddered when she saw the black tom dying in a nest, coughing his lungs out sickly. His bright green eyes were faded and waterey as he choked.

Finchclaw sniffed Gorsekit's speckled brown fur. "Does Morningpelt know you're out here?"

Before Gorsekit could answer, Morningpelt rushed out of the nurserey towards Finchclaw. She licked his ear and mewed, "Oh Finchclaw! Aren't our kits wonderful?"

Finchclaw nodded and curled his thick tail around his paws. "Yes, they are wonderful."

Morningpelt nuzzled her head into Finchclaw's white neck. "Oh just wait until Shadestar sees them. They will be magnificent warriors for all the clans to envy!"

With a slight look of annoyance on his face, the ginger and white tom got to his paws. "I'll go get him."

Gorsekit blinked. She looked over at Blackkit, his green eyes fixed on his father. He fluffed up his soft black chest fur in pride. "Someday, I'll be the best warrior in all of MoorClan, just like Finchclaw!"

"I agree," Gorsekit mewled. She flinched as Morningpelt licked her speckled brown ear. She was reminded to ask them, curiosity gnawing at her. "Do you get strange visons whenever you meet a new cat? Like, scenes of them falling asleep really fast."

Blackkit narrowed his eyes, "Err...no. That's weird."

Gorsekit went on, "Like how when you get bigger, you get sick and fall asleep. I saw that happening to you."

"Don't make up things Gorsekit,"Morningpelt silenced her with her fluffy tail. "Come along, I'll go show you the camp."

"Sure!" Blackkit bounced behind his mother, leaving Gorsekit in the dust. Morningpelt looked back at the spotted brown she-kit over her shoulder. "Are you coming or not?"

Paws heavy, Gorsekit followed behind her mother. All around her, when a new cat appeared, she saw a vision of them...dying. It was scaring her, but she knew that Morningpelt and Blackkit would never understand.

Finchclaw was followed by a big white tom with two black patches

on his face. Her father nodded to Morningpelt and looked down at them with his amber eyes. "Kits, this is Shadestar."

Shadestar would drown in a flood. Gorsekit shivered as she saw him clawing at the roof of his flooded den, desperately trying to escape.

The big tom gave a brief nod. He turned to Morningpelt. "So nice to have new kits in the clan." He looked down at Blackkit. "I can mentor Blackkit if you wish."

"Oh that would be wonderful Shadestar!" Morningpelt purred and licked Blackkit's head, ignoring her other kit. Her brother cast her a smug look before looking back up at Shadestar.

Gorsekit's ears burned with jealousy. *Why did Shadestar chose Blackkit to be his apprentice and not me? I'm just as good as him!*

The spotted brown kit took a paw-step forward and mewed, "But how come Blackkit gets Shadestar as a mentor and not me?"

Morningpelt whipped her head around and stopped Gorsekit with her tail. "Don't be so proud Gorsekit. Your brother was chosen by Shadestar himself, not you."

The kit went silent. Frustration burned inside her. *I'm ten times better than Blackkit with my power, I'll make sure Morningpelt sees. One day, they'll see how powerful I am just wait!*

***

"Kits, this is Pebblelake the medicine cat," Morningpelt mewed. Beside her stood a grey and white tom.

His death was awful. A dark figure moved out of Gorsekit's vision and padded off into the darkness, leaving bloody paw prints behind them. Pebblelake, to Gorsekit's horror, had a deep wound in his throat. The grey and white tom was lying still by a stream sepearating the moor with the forest. His dark blood was turning the stream red.

Gorsekit's vison cleared and before her was Pebblelake, but alive. His dark green eyes studied her and Blackkit. Finally he turned to

Morningpelt and mewed. "Are any of them planning to be medicine cats? I'm in need of an apprentice."

The bright ginger she-cat shook her head. "In sorry Pebblelake. Both of my kits will be warriors; Shadestar even wants to mentor Blackkit."

The black tom kit puffed out his tiny chest with pride. Gorsekit looked away, jealously making her pelt hot and prickly.

"Who do you think will mentor me?" Gorsekit squeaked, interrupting the two adult cat's conversation.

Pebblelake shook his big head, "I don't know. It's up to Shadestar."

"Shadestar will be *my* mentor. So keep your paws off him Gorsekit," Blackkit said smugly.

Gorsekit tried to meet her brother's pride. "Well, my mentor might just be Greystorm, you just wait and see!"

With these words, the spotted brown she-kit tottered away, leaving Blackkit and Morningpelt in the dust. She saw three other kits. They were Lakeflower's, another queen in the nurserey's, kits. Gorsekit recognized them as Moonkit, Hawkkit, and Cloudkit.

The visions came to her before she could speak. Moonkit would die from the same coughing disease as Blackkit and Cloudkit would suffer from a deep infection. Gorsekit felt a prick of depression when she saw the kits she had smelled and met in the nurserey being killed.

Hawkkit, to Gorsekit's bafflement, was just a red fuzz. *Wait, thats never happened before. Will Hawkkit never die?*

"Want to play with us?" Moonkit squeaked. The silver tabby kit wiggled her grey tail in the air. "Cloudkit stubbed a claw so he can't play anymore."

"Oww," the big white tom whimpered and lifted one of his bushy paws gingerly.

Gorsekit noticed how he had green eyes, eyes as green as the trees in IceClan territory, a story that Morningpelt had told them a long time ago. She said that the pine trees in IceClan could be smelled across the lake in green-leaf.

Gorsekit purred, *Not as tough as you look to be Cloudkit.*

Hawkkit, his brown tabby fur shining in the sunlight, squealed as Moonkit barreled into his side. "Hey! I wasn't ready!"

"Warriors don't have time to be ready!" Moonkit squeaked as Hawkkit flipped her over.

Gorsekit could feel Pebblelake watching her, she felt a prick of alarm but it turned to jealousy when she saw Morningpelt talking with Blackkit and the medicine cat. *They don't think I'm special, but one day they'll all realize the mistake they've made.*

Chapter 2

"Attack!" Thunderstar yowled.

The cats burst into battle, Shadestar and Greystorm leading. MoorClan and MountainClan scents mixed as the battle for more territory began.

Gorsekit, now known as Gorsepaw through herself into battle. All around her, she saw the deaths of new cats. Most of them were from greencough, which Gorsepaw felt a rush of pride when she thought about how these proud MountainClan cats would soon meet their match.

One day about three moons earlier, Doepaw had been found dead on the MountainClan border, her paws stained red with the juice of deathberries. The foolish she-cat had me a deadly mistake by eating a few of the tasty-looking berries. Gorsepaw had been frightened at first; one of her predictions had come true! But for the other cats she saw dying that meant...

A heavy tabby tom clubbed Gorsepaw on the head, making her vision fuzz. When her vision cleared, the tabby was being ripped apart by a fox. Gorsepaw was beginning to get used to her visions, they taught her many things since the day she had opened her eyes.

Feeling a spurt of energy, Gorsepaw hissed and clawed his face.

To Gorsepaw's dismay, Blackpaw had been apprenticed to Shadestar while she had been apprenticed to . Her brother had become a proud and smug cat, and instead of scolding him, Morningpelt was encouraging him! Finchclaw usually ignored her, but sometimes would defend his daughter from Blackpaw's boasting.

Out of the corner of her eye, Gorsepaw saw Finchclaw fighting with a big tom. The MoorClan apprentice gasped, *That's the same tom I saw in my vison!*

*But that means...*Gorsepaw watched as the tom sank his claws into Finchclaw's throat. The ginger and white warrior howled as blood spurted from his neck.

He was dead before he hit the ground.

Gorsepaw shrieked, "No!" Heart pounding, she ran over to her dead father. His bright amber eyes were already glassy as he stared up sightlessly. *I...I could have stopped his death from happening! I knew this was going to happen and I did nothing.* A horrible, heavy feeling came over her. *This is my fault.*

Thunderstar leaped on top of a boulder. His voice echoed over the moor, "MountainClan cats! Retreat!"

The wounded MoorClan cats hissed taunts at the defeated MountainClan cats. The two new warrors, Whiteface and Flashclaw yowled these cries of victory with much more power, for this was their first battle as warriors.

"What did you *do?"* Morningpelt's sharp wail caught Gorsepaw off guard. Fear stabbing at her, Gorsepaw turned and saw her mother, with Blackpaw of course at her side.

Gorsepaw tried to defend herself. "He... MountainClan cat... I saw-"

She cringed at Morningpelt's fury glowing eyes. The ginger she-cat's snarl was filled with accusion. "Oh you saw it happen! You let your own father die!"

"No I didn't!" Gorsepaw stammered, taking a step back. *Is my own mother saying that I'm the reason Finchclaw is dead?*

Blackpaw hissed and lashed out at her with a paw, striking Gorsepaw across the face. "You're nothing but a coward!"

A crowd of cats had gathered now, they watched in shock as Gorsepaw's cheek bled into the trampled grass.

Morningpelt looked over at Finchclaw's body and wailed. "Oh my precious mate!" Blackpaw cast Gorsepaw a dirty look before padding off to find Shadestar.

The crowd gradually disappearated, evetually only Hawkpaw was left. The dark brown tabby padded over to Gorsepaw and sighed. "That wasn't you fault and you know it, come on, let's get you to Pebblelake."

"Why does everyone like Blackpaw better than me?" Gorsepaw mewed, her amber eyes dark.

Hawkpaw shook his broad head. "They don't. Blackpaw is too proud of himself and Morningpelt does nothing to stop him."

Gorsepaw felt a rush of affection for the tabby. He was her only friend next to Moonpaw and Cloudpaw, and was really the only cat who understood her. Gorsepaw bit her tongue, considering the day she might tell him about her power.

When they arrived back at camp, Pebblelake, who cringed at the sight of the wounded cats, dashed off to find some herbs. The grey and white tom was meowing about how he didn't have an apprentice to assist him.

Applefoot approached Gorsepaw, half of his face red from a large gash above his eyes. "You fought well Gorsepaw. Even though you've only been training for a moon, I can tell you've learned much," the brown and black tom mewed.

"Thanks Applefoot," Gorsepaw dipped her head in acknowledgement.

The sun set over the horizon as Gorsepaw lay down in the grass with herbs covering her wounds. She purred when she thought about Hawkpaw, the kind brown tom had to be her best friend and she intended to keep it that way. *Maybe he can even be my mate someday?*

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A moon had passed. It was leaf-fall and Gorsepaw had grown considerably in the past few quarter-moons. She was almost as big as Blackpaw, who was nearly the size of Shadestar.

Morningpelt hadn't stopped giving her disrespectful looks whenever

Gorsepaw was alone. Especially right now, when the patrol was heading to the Gathering.

This was Gorsepaw's first gathering, she hadn't been able to go to the last one because MountainClan and MoorClan were on too bad of terms to talk. Thunderstar had kept insisting that MoorClan was stealing prey, even though it wasn't true. *Rabbits and hawks are way tastier than their scrawny mice and voles,* Gorsepaw snorted.

"Great hawks and finches!" Greystorm exclaimed suddenly. The patrol stopped and Gorsepaw gasped.

Instead of the clear, clean water of the lake lapping at the shore, it was instead replaced by a smelly, shiny, rainbow-colored liquid. Gorsepaw wrinkled her nose at its foul stench.

"This is a bad omen," Moonpaw muttered.

Shadestar padded up to the strange water and dabbed at it with his paw. His dark eyes narrowed as he turned back to the patrol and grimly announced, "Twolegs did this...this stuff is spilled blood from their water-monsters I think."

The speckled brown she-cat shivered when she pictured the strange, hairless creatures and their monsters. Ambershine once said that she had seen a Twoleg a long time ago with bright blue fur on top of its head.

"Will we still be able to go to the Gathering?" Riverfish mewed. His blue eyes were clouded with worry.

Shadestar looked worriedly down the shore. The shadows of other cats reflected onto the smelly water. "Lets go find out." With no objection, the patrol continued on their way.

***

When the group of MoorClan cats arrived, there were many strange cats huddled on the shore. Gorsepaw gasped as her head felt like it was being split in two.

So many visons all at once clouded her head and roared in her ears.

Every cat she saw was dying before her. Rogues, greencough, starvation, battle and so many more. She felt a spike of grief when she saw a queen dying; giving birth had killed her.

"Oh please. Make it stop!" Gorsepaw whimpered.

"Stop muttering to yourself you little brat!" Morninpelt snapped at her.

Gorsepaw cringed and fell silent. She found herself waiting for that monster to hit the bright ginger she-cat. Her thoughts are cut off as they approached the large crowd of cats.

A brown tabby she-cat with messy fur was talking to a sandy tabby she-cat with a short tail. The messy furred she-cat greeted Shadestar warmly, "Greetings Shadestar. We're just waiting for MountainClan now. How has your clan been?"

"Thank you Wildstar," Shadestar touched her shoulder with his tail-tip. "MoorClan has been doing well thank you."

Gorsepaw flicked her ears. She wished Hawkpaw was there, she could talk with him instead of standing alone with all these strange cats.

An apprentice who smelled like fish approached her, her wide green eyes glinting in the light of the moon. Her night black fur shone like the lake water. "You're from MoorClan, aren't you?"

The she-cat had the same fate as Hawkpaw: a red fuzz that Gorsepaw couldn't see through and had no idea what it meant. The spotted brown she-cat felt a shiver run down her spine, *What does it mean?*

Gorsepaw stammered, "Er...yes. You must be from SeaClan...right?"

The she-cat nodded, "My name is Ripplepaw. Is your name Gorsepaw? I think I've seen you before."

Before Gorsepaw could answer, she heard the MountainClan cats announce their arrival with hisses at the MoorClan cats.

Morningpelt snarled and glared at the tabby tom that had killed Finchclaw. "You killed my mate! If tonight wasn't a Gathering, I'd rip your throat out."

The tabby narrowed his eyes, "Watch your tongue you dirty prey stealer." He glared at Gorsepaw, "And *you* nearly almost blinded me."

He padded away stiffly. Gorsepaw glanced over at her mother, the bright ginger she-cat clearly wanted vengance for her mate's death. Morningpelt looked over at Gorsepaw and made a disapproving noise before slinking away.

Gorsepaw flattened her ears in alarm. *What did I do to you Morningpelt to make you hate me like this?*

Chapter 3

The gathering had ended. Gorsepaw walked with the other MoorClan cats along the shore with heavy paws.

Moonpaw limped from a bitten paw where a MountainClan apprentice and her had gotten into a scuffle. The tom was bigger than her, and the lithe silver tabby didn't stand a chance. Moonpaw's dark grey tail drooped as she hobbled along.

Riverfish shook his head when he looked at his apprentice's hurt paw. "That's gonna need cobwebs. Go see Pebblelake when we get back."

Whiteface greeted them when they reached the gorse barrier. "Welcome back" the white-faced dark tabby mewed warmly. "I heard there was something was off in the lakewater from Pebblelake."

Greystorm nodded, "It won't bother us. We get water from the stream, remember?"

When Gorsepaw padded into camp, she saw Hawkpaw talking to Cloudpaw. The speckled she-cat rushed over to them. "I'm back from the gathering!"

Hawkpaw's tail tip twitched "Cool...did you see anything weird?"

Only every cat I know and see dying in front of me, yes you could say that. "No, not really," Gorsepaw answered the dark tabby tom indignantly.

Gorsepaw felt a cat brush roughly past her. It was Morningpelt. The bright ginger she-cat padded over to Flashclaw, who looked half-asleep. Gorsepaw heard her mutter, "I'm going hunting."

The white tom's eyes widened. "But...it's nearly after moonhigh!"

"So?" Flashclaw's eyes were as wide as moons as Morningpelt

padded out of the hollow, her tail rigid.

Gorsepaw felt a twinge of curiousity flicker deep inside her. Hawkpaw and Cloudpaw padded off into the apprentice's den, but Gorsepaw couldn't follow. Her paws wouldn't rest. The seven moon old apprentice held her breath, and bounded after her mother.

The moor was quiet as Gorsepaw followed Morningpelt silently. She remembered Applefoot's praise about her stalking skills. About how not a rabbit with the sharpest hearing could hear her coming, even from a tail-length away.

Light from the full moon shone on the moor, turning the grass silver. Gorsepaw padded on, suddenly wishing she had Blackpaw's night black fur. Brown speckled blended in just fine during the day, but not so much during the cold night.

Gorsepaw felt the fur raise as Morningpelt drew closer to Twolegplace. Fingers of morning fog were creeping up over the moor and Gorsepaw's veins froze when she saw Morningpelt crouch on the Thunderpath. *No! You're going to die!* Gorsepaw took a sharp inhale of cold air.

Paws thrumming on the earth, Gorsepaw burst out of the tall grass and hurtled herself towards Morningpelt, who's gaze was fixed on a mouse. The furry creature nibbled on a seed on the other side of the flat, black surface.

"Morningpelt!" Gorsepaw coughed as she breathed in the sickly smell of the Thunderpath.

The she-cat didn't seem to hear her, instead she prepared to leap on the mouse.

A dreadful rumbling came from beneath Gorsepaw's pads. The young she-cat's blood turned ice as the monster's yellow eyes shone through the fog.

Morningpelt finally looked up from her prey, but her yellow eyes widened in fear as a Twoleg monster roared and burst out of the fog. Its huge black paws screeched to a halt when it saw her, but it

was too late.

The ginger she-cat shrieked as the beast hit her. Gorsepaw gasped as Morningpelt's body was thrown in the air. A sick feeling came to her as her mother was thrown into the grass.

*Oh...oh StarClan...*Gorsepaw stared in horror at Morningpelt's broken, bleeding form. The vision she had as a kit, the one where she saw Morningpelt getting hit by a monster had come true. Gorsepaw's voice came out scratchy and strangely uunframilar. "I could have warned her...but I didn't..."

The big red monster's flanks flew open and two Twolegs got out, one a burly looking male, the other a thin, golden haired female.

While the male walked over to Morningpelt, the female wailed and ran over to her partner's side. Gorsepaw leaped back into a thorn bush to hide from the clumsy creatures. Her flanks quivered from shock.

The male made a snorting noise as he bent over the dead cat. He made a grunting sound and to Gorsepaw's admonishment, scooped up Morningpelt and headed back over to the monster. Gorsepaw gasped. "Hey! She deserved to be buried in MoorClan!"

Both of the Twolegs didn't notice her. Instead, the climbed into their monster and rumbled off.

As Gorsepaw climbed out of the bush, her paws were shaking. She raised her head, *Oh StarClan, why did you have to give me this power? I could've warned her.*

There was a cold silence. Gorsepaw anxiously awaited an aswer, but after a few long heartbeats, there was no answer. No smell of StarClan warriors. No stars.

When Gorsepaw looked back down at the earth, she felt a part of her turn to ice. Her voice quivering with internal anger, she hissed. "Fine, I don't need your help. You gave me a curse, I'll just have to deal with it."

Chapter 4

Gorsepaw's paws were numb as she stumbled through the moorland grass. Her mind was fuzzy with shock.

Morningpelt, along with Finchclaw, Doepaw and all the other cats that had died kept floating across her vision. Gorsepaw moaned to the ghosts. "I'm sorry I couldn't help you. Please just leave me alone."

What's Blackpaw going to think when I come back? Gorsepaw sighed, not even fearing her brother's sharp blows anymore. *He's probably going to claw my miserable pelt off.*

Flashclaw, who was still on watch when Gorsepaw staggered to the hollow stopped her. "Where's Morningpelt?"

"She...she...got hit by a monster," Gorsepaw meowed, blinking her eyes rapidly to keep awake.

The white warrior gasped, "What!" He turned tail and flew into camp as a cloud-white blur.

Gorsepaw, too tired to follow, stood shakily at the top of the hollow. Her stomach rumbled, but she didn't dare venture into the camp she knew so well.

After a few moons, Shadestar, Pebblelake, and Greystorm padded up the hill towards her. They kept their distance, as if Gorsepaw was a badger.

Shadestar padded over to her, his voice was calm but his eyes suspicious. "Where is Morningpelt really Gorsepaw?"

"I-I told you!" Gorsepaw hissed. "She got hit by a monster!"

"Then where is her body?" Pebblelake narrowed his dark green eyes.

Oh great, how are they gonna believe me? Gorsepaw pointed her tail

at the Thunderpath across the moor. "Twolegs took her body after the monster hit her."

There was a silence. Shadestar glanced over at Pebblelake before turning back to Gorsepaw. His hot breath blew over Gorsepaw's muzzle. "In which direction did the monster go?"

Gorsepaw scanned the three cats with narrowed eyes. "Why is finding Morningpelt's body so important to you. Twolegs don't eat the things they hit with their monsters...I think."

Greystorm looked offended and her amber eyes flashed angrily. "Morningpelt was my sister, she at least deserved a proper burial," she said bitterly.

Gorsepaw felt a tail tip flick her shoulder gently. It was Pebblelake. The grey and white tom turned to Shadestar and cleared his throat. "She's suffering from shock and extreme exhaustion. This isn't a good time to question her Shadestar."

Looking a bit startled, Shadestar blinked, "Err...of course." The big tom stepped to the side to let Gorsepaw pass. His yellow eyes were slits against his black and white face.

Pebblelake left Gorsepaw alone once they reached the medicine cat den. He rushed off to find herbs, his grey and white tail lashing.

Gorsepaw looked down at the heather nest and collapsed. Her vision faded into a dark blur before she could even think of something to dream about.

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Gorsepaw fought her way out of sleep, coughing and her fur prickly with fever. She hissed when she saw it was already midday. *Mousedung! Applefoot'll have me for sleeping late!*

When she struggled to get to her paws, she felt a paw press against her shoulder. It was Pebblelake. He wrinkled his nose, as if she smelled bad. "You're sick. Today you need to rest."

"But-" Gorsepaw began.

"No buts!" Pebblelake silenced the brown she-cat with his tail. Gorsepaw sank back into her nest and she drifted off into an uncomfortable sleep.

Before her was darkness, and out of it came Morningpelt. Gorsepaw gasped and took a step forward. "Morningpelt?" she gasped when Morningpelt emerged completely.

Her normally bright ginger pelt was torn up, and her eyes were empty and sightless. One of her back paws dragged behind her, like the bones had been crushed.

Gorsepaw took a frightened step back. "Morningpelt? I-it's me!"

Her dead mother said nothing. The silence was even more frightening than words.

Another figure came out of the darkness. It was Finchclaw. His neck wound dripped dark blood.

More cats appeared, they all were in the same shape as Gorsepaw's mother and father. A white she-cat limped forward. Her dead blue eyes were dark with hate.

Gorsepaw recognized her as Frostpelt, an IceClan warrior who had been killed by rogues a few moons after she and Blackpaw were born. Her pure white pelt was stained red as deathberries from her wounds.

Gorsepaw took a step back as the ghosts drew closer. "W-what do you want?" she called out, a note of fear in her mew.

The ghosts did not answer. Instead they continued to walk slowly towards her. Their dead eyes were as lifeless as stones.

Someone was screaming when Gorsepaw woke up. She was still in the medicine cat den and it was dusk. A cat was screeching, then she realized her mouth was wide open. She snapped it shut and looked around.

"Dear StarClan, what were you dreaming about?" Pebblelake meowed. His dark green eyes were emotionless.

Gorsepaw sighed. "You know...fever dreams."

Pebblelake said nothing. The silence was louder than the screams. Finally he broke the silence. "My mentor's name was Fevercloud because she was born sick. She got sick a lot, and had fevers too, hence her name. But never did she wake up screaming like that. Also, you kept saying you could have warned someone."

Gorsepaw froze. She knew what was coming next.

Pebblelake narrowed his eyes,"Do you have visions Gorsepaw?"

Oh no! What do I tell him? Gorsepaw could feel her heart pounding in her chest. Blood rushed to her ears from the tension. *What will his reaction be?* "Umm...yes?"

"What are they of?" Pebblelake said relentlessly. There was a cold curiosity in his eyes, glowing like frosty stars.

Gorsepaw looked around the medicine cat den and the hollow. Shadestar was sharing tongues with Sunfeather and the most of the warriors had probably gone on patrol. Otherwise, the camp was empty. Flanks quivering, Gorsepaw turned to the medicine cat. "I...I can see how cats die."

Pebblelake said nothing. Gorsepaw held her breath. How would he react? Would he tell Shadestar? Would he force her to answer more questions and use her power to help the clan? Would he say she was a monster?

All these thoughts raced through Gorsepaw's head faster than rabbits. The outcome of her situation was unpredicable.

Finally, after what felt like seasons, Pebblelake answered quietly. "You've never told anyone about this?"

The scrawny she-cat shook her head. She worried that her heartbeat was so loud it would echo off the walls.

"This...this is..." Pebblelake struggled to find the right words. "Have you seen me-"

"Yes. I saw how you die, along with everyone else I've ever seen," Gorsepaw snapped.

The medicine cat looked like he was about to faint. Gorsepaw got to her paws despite the awful aching feeling it have her. She didn't feel sick anymore, instead she was scared. Pebblelake watched her leave silently, making no effort to stop her.

Gorsepaw felt the wind blow through the hollow, ruffling and cooling her hot fur. She held her head high, amber eyes catching the falling sun. The moor spread out before her, a sea of heather and grass.

There was nothing that would stop her now.

Soo I have literally nothing else to do today so I'm gonna be on my phone a lot. Yep...stuffs about to get serious >:)

Chapter 5

"Gorsepaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code, even at the cost of your life?" Shadestar's yowl echoed over the hollow.

The brown she-cat nodded, "I do."

Shadestar's ears twitched. His tail lashed through the air. "Then by the powers of StarClan, from this moment on you shall be known as Gorsepelt. StarClan honors your courage and intelligence."

Gorsepelt felt a flame of jealousy when she saw how Shadestar had given Blackpaw his warrior name compared to hers. Black*frost!* His name should have been Blackheart for the way he only cared about himself. Yet Shadestar had given Blackfrost his name along with his selflessness and bravery, traits Gorsepelt had never seen in him.

Moontail, Cloudfeather, and Hawkcry had all revived their warrior names about a moon ago. Hawkcry had grown into a handsome young tom, and Gorsepelt felt her ears burn whenever the dark tabby was on patrol with her. She longed for the day he would admit his feelings for her so that one day, they could be mates.

When Blackfrost looked over at Moontail, Gorsepelt wanted to claw his ears off. Those two had been mooning over each other for what felt like decades and why Moontail would put up with a cat like him was a mystery. *He won't care about your kits Moontail! He's a selfish badger who only cares about himself.*

"Blackfrost! Gorsepelt! Blackfrost! Gorsepelt!" the MoorClan cats cheered.

Sunfeather was expecting Shadestar's kits any day now. The pretty tortishell's belly had grown as round as the moon, and Lakeflower constantly fretted over her, saying kits were the most delicate thing in the world.

Hawkcry padded over to Gorsepelt and purred, "Congratulations!"

His bright yellow eyes looked like fireflies against his nearly black face.

Gorsepelt's pelt burned. "Oh! Uh, thanks!"

Hawkcry was the only cat Gorsepelt cared about anymore. Everyone else was just a dead, literally, cause. She had never been able to figure out what the red fuzz that hid how he died.

"Umm...do you want to go hunting sometime?" Hawkcry mewed, his eyes shining.

Gorsepelt could feel her heart flip over in her chest. "Of course!"

After saying a hasty goodbye, Gorsepelt padded off to start her vigil. Blackfrost greeted her with cold green eyes.

"You're the reason both of our parents are dead," Blackfrost snarled as Gorsepelt sat next to him.

Gorsepelt felt her hackles raise. She turned toward the black tom and snapped, "It wasn't my fault and you know it."

"I believe this is a *silent* vigil," Shadestar's tail twitched as he padded past the two new warriors.

Gorsepelt and Blackfrost nodded. Shadestar exchanged glances with each of them before disappearing into his den.

Blackfrost leaped to his paws and immediately went to the other side of the camp. Gorsepelt snorted, and watched him with narrowed eyes.

A cold leaf-fall breeze made Gorsepelt shiver. It was nearly the half-moon, and Pebblelake would venture to the Moonpool in just a few nights.

A cat's death flashed across Gorsepelt's vision again. It was a white she-cat shrieking as a dog bit down on her spine with an organic crunch. Gorsepelt took a sharp inhale of air and blinked. As quickly as it came, the vision was gone.

What was that? Gorsepelt looked around the hollow. The she-cat was nowhere in sight, but as soon as she relaxed, another vision came.

A small black tom howled as flames engulfed his thin frame. The forest around him was on fire, and he shrieked and fell to the ground in a charred, bloody mess.

What's happening? I'm not even looking at anyone! Gorsepelt backed against a tree as more death scenes played out in front of her.

The sun rose like a flaming hawk in the sky. Many hours had passed, and the night was over. Cats were just beginning to stir in their nests and shake the morning dew off their pelts.

Gorsepelt sat, her eye twitching from the shock of seeing so much death all at once. Cats she had never seen before and destined to be born many seasons in the future Gorsepelt had her death visions of.

*Pebblelake can help me...*Gorsepelt looked over at the medicine cat den. *It's his job to help cats.*

"Hey Gorsepelt! Can you come on the dawn patrol?" Applefoot mewed from the camp entrance.

Gorsepelt's head snapped over to the brown and black tom. She darted over to them, "Yes." *I can tell Pebblelake later, for now I need to worry about serving my clan.*

***

"This one will be Slatekit," Sunfeather mewed, touching the tiny grey tom with her tail tip.

She moved on to the next kit, a dark grey and white tabby. "I was thinking Mistlekit for her and Bumblekit for her sister."

"Excellent names," Pebblelake mewed. He brushed Bumblekit with his plumy tail. The tortishell and white kit was the largest of her litter, and she gave a muffled squeak through her mother's belly fur.

Gorsepelt listened to them talk from just outside the nurserey. She

had taken to eavesdropping recently, she felt that her clanmates spoke about her when she wasn't around.

A few sunrises had passed, Gorsepelt had never gotten the chance to speak to Pebblelake since she had her vigil and she was waiting for him to finish up helping Sunfeather with her kitting. So far it had gone well and Sunfeather now had three healthy kits. *Shadestar's kits.*

Gorsepelt heard whispering coming from the warriors den. Her head snapped up, *They're talking about me!* Moontail and Ambershine were talking by a sunny spot in front of the warrior's den. Gorsepelt felt her heart beginning to race*, What are they talking about? Is it me? Is it my power?*

Her thoughts were interuppted when she saw Pebblelake pad out of the nurserey. *Now!*

Chapter 6

"Umm...Pebblelake?" Gorsepelt mewed. She followed him into his den, despite the fact he looked extremely busy. "Can I talk to you for a minute?"

"One minute," Pebblelake mewed. He snatched up a plant with crinkled blue flowers, Gorsepelt assumed it was borage. "Stay here."

He rushed out, and Gorsepelt was left alone again.

Gorsepelt's heart pounded as he returned, jaws empty.

He motioned with his tail for her to sit down, which she promptly did. The thick-set grey and white tom's ears twitched. "What's the matter?"

"My..."Gorsepelt swallowed dryly and looked around. "My visions...they're getting bad."

Pebblelake said nothing. There was an unreadable gleam in his eyes. Gorsepelt went on.

"Look, you gotta help me Pebblelake, I'd ask Hawkcry, or maybe Shadestar but you're the only cat who knows how to heal wounds," Gorsepelt went on, her voice starting to quiver.

Pebblelake didn't answer her plead. "Have you slept well recently. To be honest, you look awful Gorsepelt."

"No," Gorsepelt snapped. She hadn't been getting much sleep since she had been made a warrior, and she felt dreadful.

"Umm...Gorsepelt I'm sorry," Pebblelake began. Gorsepelt felt a cold, heavy feeling in her stomach, like she had swallowed a river stone. "But I'm afraid I can't help you."

"W-what? Why not?" Gorsepelt stammered.

Pebblelake's eyes turned cold and metallic, a new look that Gorsepelt had seen very little of before. The fur along his spine raised. "I have no idea what your curse is, or why StarClan gave it to you. I'm sorry Gorsepelt, I truly am, but this is not my problem to deal with. Get out and deal with it yourself."

He just turned his back on me! Gorsepelt stared at the medicine cat, her jaw hung open in disbelief.

The grey and white tom prepare to leave but hate was forming inside Gorsepelt. A burning, dark hate.

She snarled at him, venom dripping from her words. "How dare you! You have no idea what I have to deal with! You...you...you die a horrible, violent death!"

There was a long silence. Pebblelake stared at Gorsepelt as if she was a badger cub: pity, but also a glimmer of hatred.

Gorsepelt ran outside. She ran out of camp, feeling the wind tug at her fur was exhilarating, and she could see rabbits darting about in the grass, but she was looking for one thing and one thing alone.

Hawkcry.

"Hawkcry!" Gorsepelt yowled, looking out at the moor, her gaze searching for his dark tabby fur among the heather.

Finally she spotted him down by the SeaClan border, stalking a rabbit. Gorsepelt forgot her hate as she hurtled down the slope towards him.

The brown tom blinked in suprise as Gorsepelt flew towards him. The rabbit bounded away, and he angled his head in suprise. "Gorsepelt? What are you doing here?"

"Look, Hawkcry there's been something I've wanted to tell you for a long time," Gorsepelt panted.

The handsome tom's face lit up. "Are you saying that you like me?"

Gorsepelt felt her heart melt. She nodded. Hawkcry rushed forward

to lick her cheek. "Oh that's great Gorsepelt! I-"

"No, wait." Gorsepelt stopped him. She felt the warm part of her heart suddenly harden when she saw Hawkcry's bewildered expression. "Look...I have a power...actually, it's more of a curse."

"Curse?" Hawkcry mewed quietly. He looked at her with such a hurt expression that Gorsepelt felt she could have wailed.

Gorsepelt's ears flattened. "Since I was born, whenever I meet a new cat, I get a vison of how they die, Moontail, Blackfrost, Shadestar everybody. Dead."

Hawkcry looked at Gorsepelt, his eyes were as wide and expressionless as round yellow stones. Gorsepelt longed to see what was going through his head, too see how he accepted her.

She leaned forward to lick his cheek when suddenly, she felt claws hit her across the face.

Gorsepelt yelped as she tumbled backward. Rolling head over tail, she lay sprawled in the dust. Her nose stinging, she stumbled to her paws, and turned to Hawkcry.

His face was screwed up with a combination of anger and fear. Gorsepelt realized with an awful sinking feeling that he was the one who hit her.

"You kept this from me the whole time!" Hawkcry hissed. "Why couldn't you have told me this sooner!"

Gorsepelt could feel her heart starting to crack. She cringed, "Hawkcry-"

"Don't Hawkcry me this time Gorsepelt!" There was a cold look in his eyes, a look Gorsepelt had never seen before. "You're an ambomination!"

Gorsepelt felt a sharp blow to her already cracked heart. She gasped, feeling it shatter into a million tiny fragments. The last thing she cared about was gone.

Eyes darkened and stinging, she looked up at the cat who she had once known so well. "Why are you saying this to me? This isn't you Hawkcry, you're a whole new cat."

"I could say the same about you," Hawkcry hissed through gritted teeth.

He looked up at the moon, it was a half moon tonight. Pebblelake would be at the Moonpool with the other medicine cats.

Hawkcry unsheathed his claws. They dug into the earth and caught moonlight on their curved surface. His muzzle split into a cold smirk. "Tonight is the night you end."

"Hawkcry! This isn't you!" Gorsepelt called out after him. But it was too late, he had already ran off.

At that moment, something inside Gorsepelt snapped. Something that had kept her sanity and her calm, shattered. She had nothing that was important to her anymore, and the last thing that was important now was about to ruin her life.

Gorsepelt shrieked and clawed at the earth. *We all die anyway! All of us! All! We can't do anything about it!* Gorsepelt lifted up her head and wailed, "StarClan! Why have you done this to me! I've only wanted help, and now every cat hates me!"

She saw Morningpelt out of the corner of her eye. "You! You turned me into this!" she screamed and threw herself at the hallucination. Lying in the dirt, Gorsepelt fell silent. Then she started chuckling. That chuckling grew louder and louder, till it was a laughing scream.

"Hawkcry will pay," Gorsepelt laughed, unsheathing her claws. "They all will."

Yup, this is the part where the title suddenly makes sense.

Chapter 7

Gorsepelt ran up the moor. She could smell Hawkcry's scent along the stream. The thought of him made her hiss, "Filthy rat!"

She could feel the wind tugging at her fur, a cold wind that made her shiver. It was nearly leaf-bare and the air was cold, but the she-cat's heart was colder.

Doepaw's head peeked out of a bush, Gorsepelt snarled and leapt at it. "Leave me alone!" Doepaw disappeared into air before she could touch the pale brown apprentice's fur but Gorsepelt could hear her mocking laughter, coming from the cold stars above.

StarClan has abandoned me, everyone has abandoned me, everyone is a traitor! Gorsepelt snarled to herself as she stalked forward. *Our lives are just distractions to the fact that in the end, we all rot and turn to dust.*

The spotted brown she-cat's ears twitched when she heard a shriek. Pebblelake. Gorsepelt's jaws parted, taking in the traitorous medicine cat's scent. Quieter than a cloud in the sky, Gorsepelt stalked forward, her claws unsheathed and itching for a fight.

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Schreeching like an eagle, Gorsepelt burst out of a bush and threw herself towards Pebblelake. The medicine cat's eyes were wide, his fur bristling. "You betrayed me!" Gorsepelt howled and prepared to slash his throat. She paused.

Pebblelake was already dead. His throat seeped with fresh, dark blood from a deep bite wound. Bloody pawprints circled around the dead medicine cat, trailing off into the grass. Gorsepelt's lips curled into a snarl, "Hawkcry."

"Dear StarClan!" Gorsepelt whipped around to see Birchstripe, the IceClan medicine cat, staring at Pebblelake, his eyes round with fear

The black striped tom looked at Gorsepelt, he looked half scared out of his wits. "D-did you do this?"

Gorsepelt shook her head, "No! Hawkcry did this! Hawkcry! He murdered Pebblelake to make it look like I did it!"

She took a step forward, but Birchstripe unsheathed his claws, "You beast! Y-you just killed a medicine cat! StarClan will punish severely you for your crimes!"

"What's happening?" Willowtoe, the SeaClan medicine cat mewed and emerged from the bushes. She gasped when she saw Pebblelake's body. But she didn't see Gorsepelt. The MoorClan she-cat had already disappeared, she had one thing on her mind. Hawkcry.

The dark tabby was padding through the moorland grass. He was heading towards MoorClan camp, Gorsepelt assumed he was going to tell everyone that Gorsepelt had killed Pebblelake. What he didn't realize was that his victim was running low to the ground, directly behind him.

Gorsepelt's blood roared in her ears as she followed silently behind her prey. Once she got close, she stopped. Hawkcry didn't stop, instead he padded at a slower pace, Gorsepelt narrowed her eyes. *You're mine.* She leaped silently on top of a large, flat slab of slate. Hawkcry still had no inkling of her presence. Finally, Gorsepelt dragged her claws across the flat, silver rock. Her hooked claws made a dreadful scraping noise.

Hawkcry whipped around with a hiss. He glared up at Gorsepelt, his yellow eyes gleaming with fury. "You! What are you doing here?"

"You betrayed me Hawkcry!" Gorsepelt felt rage forming inside her, along with the consuming madness. "I thought you loved me, but you called me an abomination!"

"Because you are!" Hawkcry snarled back. He unsheathed his claws, letting them sink into the earth. "Having the ability to see how cats die makes you a monster, after all, you did nothing to help them! You let them die!"

Gorsepelt lashed her tail, getting to her paws. She taunted the dark brown tom, "Why don't you come up here and say that to my face?"

The tabby curled his lip, showing his sharp yellow teeth. "Why don't you come down here and fight me!"

"Challenge accepted." Gorsepelt let out a shriek and leaped off the rock, her claws extended and teeth bared. She aimed straight for Hawkcry's neck.

Letting out a grunt, the brown tom darted out of the way and swiped his claws at Gorsepelt's throat. They missed by a hair. Gorsepelt jumped out of range and bit down hard on the middle of Hawkcry's spine.

She heard a muffled crunch and Hawkcry let out a wordless screech of pain. Gorsepelt watched him crumple to the ground in a broken, tabby heap.

"My back..." Hawkcry groaned, cracking open one eyelid. "I think it's broken." He tried to move, but as soon as he lifted his head, he shrieked in agony and fell back into the dust.

"Serves you right," Gorsepelt turned away. "I was wrong Hawkcry, you're not just a traitor, you're stupider than a lump of soil."

Without looking back, Gorsepelt padded away. She heard Hawkcry call out weakly at her, "Wait, you're just going to leave me to the crows?"

"I planned on it," Gorsepelt swept her tail over the dust, erasing her pawprints. As she walked farther away from camp and the slate boulders, she felt the darkness tugging at her mind. She ignored his wails and cries for help. He would be dead by sunrise anyway, long enough so he couldn't tell anyone about who killed him.

Gorsepelt wrinkled her battered muzzle, wincing as she did so. Hawkcry had missed clawing her eyes, but his sharp claws had struck her nose in the process.

MoorClan wouldn't want her back anyway, that rat-faced Birchstripe probably marched straight over to MoorClan camp and

told Shadestar that one of his warriors killed Pebblelake. Gorsepelt sighed, *I'm an exile.*

The first shelter she came across was a tiny stone Twoleg den filled with piles of dead grass. The tired she-cat flopped down and immediately fell asleep. Pebblelake's cold, dead paws reached out at her from the darkness, crying out for his life had never been spared.

Sooo.....yeah. Stuffs gettin serious. This is only going to be 10 Chapters so I'll be wrapping things up soon.

Chapter 8

Groaning, Gorsepelt fought her way out of sleep. Light filtered through the filthy, clear-stone openings in the Twoleg den.

She remembered what had happened the night before and hissed. *They won't leave me alone*! Struggling to get to her paws, Gorsepelt suddenly realized how hungry she was.

It was a crisp, leaf-fall morning when Gorsepelt stepped outside. She was in the small Twolegplace next to SeaClan and MoorClan territory. Gorsepelt felt her fur prickle when she saw horses stamping their hooves in a big, enclosed field.

Gorsepelt's mouth watered when she smelled the tantalizing scent of mouse. Looking around, she darted across the dew grass, towards a big wooden structure she believed was called a barn.

As she was about to squeeze through a hole in the wall, she heard a hiss. "Hey! Who are you?"

Tail-tip twitching, Gorsepelt looked through half-closed eyes at the cat who had stopped her. It was a plump brown tom, no doubt a kittypet, standing next to a small black and white she-cat. The brown tom shook his neck fat. "Yeah! I told you Betsy, it's one of those moor cats."

The cat tom would die of old age, and the she-cat would be struck by a monster.

Morningpelt.

Gorsepelt jerked her head to the side, "You! You die from a monster! And your companion will get old and ussless, then you both are maggot food!"

The black and white she-cat, Gorsepelt assumed was Betsy, stepped forward and unsheathed her pitifully tiny claws. She lashed her tail,

"I've fought off a few pretty crazy feral beasties like you in my time. I could claw your insane ears off if I wanted to."

"I just killed a cat who was much bigger than you two mouse-brains combined." Gorsepelt flexed her claws, enjoying the sudden look of fear in the she-cat's eyes. Hawkcry was tiny compared to the fat tom, but they didn't know that.

"Hey, you can't talk to her like-" the fat brown tom stepped in front of Gorsepelt, but the speckled she-cat swiped him across the face.

The tom howled and ran away, the she-cat close behind him. Gorsepelt snorted, cleaning the blood off her claws. "Cowards."

After catching a mouse, Gorsepelt lay in the open sunshine. The two kittypets didn't return. Gorsepelt tore at the mouse's warm flesh, *Hah! They know this is my territory now.*

***

About a moon had passed. The two kittypets, who Gorsepelt soon knew their names were Henry and Besty, had left her alone. Ever since she had eaten that first mouse, Gorsepelt had woken up the next morning struck with an awful illness. The last moon she had been fighting it.

Gorsepelt woke up slowly. Her brain was fuzzier than usual, and her vision was unfocused. She looked around, *Where am I?*

Slowly, she remembered where she was an why she was there. She remembered MoorClan...Hawkcry...Pebblelake.

Hate filled Gorsepelt faster than water. She got to her paws, snarling. "They did this! They're the reason I'm living as a rogue!"

Gorsepelt looked down at her claws, they hadn't been sharpened for sunrises. She sharpened them on the walls of the Twoleg den, enjoying them the same way she enjoyed it before she killed Hawkcry.

Ignoring the fact that she felt like she was going to topple over, Gorsepelt padded out of the den, her claws itching for MoorClan to

suffer.

She snarled at Betsy and Henry who were sitting on a Twoleg fence near the barn. "What are you looking at?"

Henry ran into his Twoleg den with a whimper. Betsy stayed for a moment longer, glaring at Gorsepelt hatefully before running into her Twoleg nest.

When Gorsepelt reached the MoorClan border, she paused. The scents that had once been so framiliar to her, strange and irritating. Gorsepelt held her breath, and crouched behind a bush, waiting for a patrol to come by so she could attack them. *They all deserve it,* Gorsepelt flexed her scraped up claws. *All of them.*

The day went on slowly. No patrol came. Gorsepelt hissed and got to her paws. *I've wasted time! Now they've all had longer to live!*

Gorsepelt heard a sharp squeak come from the bushes a rabbit length away. Three kits came out, not even noticing the fact that a cat was standing right in front of them. Gorsepelt recognized them as Sunfeather's kits. They were bigger now, more than a moon old and fairly large for their age.

Slatekit would die in battle, and his sister Mistlekit would become leader and loose her last life from greencough, but Bumblekit had the same red fuzz that hid her fate, the same as Hawkcry and that black SeaClan she-cat she had met moons ago.

"I told you rabbit brains that sage smells like wind, I told you," Bumblekit told her siblings. The tortishell was obviously the largest of the litter. "And-"

"Ack! Who are you?" Mistlekit squeaked. Her huge green eyes were even bigger when she saw Gorsepelt.

Slatekit wrinkled his tiny pink nose, "Eww, she smells funny."

"Do you know who I am?" Gorsepelt smiled, showing her sharp, yellowed teeth. "I bet you can guess."

Before Bumblekit could answer, Mistlekit stepped in between them.

The grey and white tabby fluffed up her fur. "Listen! I know who you are, mama told us to stay away from speckled brown she-cats! You killed two cats!"

"Foolish," Gorsepelt snapped. She pinned down Bumblekit with one paw, making the tortishell squeal. "You should have listened to your mother."

Mistlekit and Slatekit ran away wailing. Gorsepelt snorted, *So, I'll have time even if they go and get all of MoorClan.* Gorsepelt looked down at the terrified kit. She unsheathed her claws, hate boiling up inside her. "Now, let's have some fun."

Chapter 9

Gorsepelt lashed her tail as the rest of the MoorClan patrol came through the bushes. She licked the blood off her muzzle, *They came a little too late.* Shadestar, Sunfeather and Applefoot came through the bushes. Sunfeather gasped.

"My kit!" Sunfeather wailed. The tortishell looked at Gorsepelt, disgust and horror in her eyes. "You *monster*!"

Bumblekit lay at Gorsepelt's paws. Just moments before, the tiny dappled kit had squealed in agony as Gorsepelt ripped out her throat. She could only imagine Shadestar's and Sunfeather's grief after seeing their own daughter murdered so young.

Shadestar snarled, his eyes filled with pain. "You have done worse than any cat has done before Gorsepelt." He looked down at Bumblekit. "You haven't just committed murder on a kit, you killed my kit!"

"Big deal!" Gorsepelt hissed, her voice cracking from exhaustion. "We all meet the same fate in the end, it doesn't matter who lives, we all are just bound to die!"

"She's insane," Applefoot muttered. There was a look of betrayal in his eyes.

Shadestar unsheathed his claws, taking a step forward. "I should just kill you right now."

"Do it!" Gorsepelt laughed. "I've got nothing to loose!"

There was a tense moment as the big black and white tom looked prepared to to spring, but instead a black blur knocked Gorsepelt over.

She hissed and rolled over, sprawling the tom to the side. Gorsepelt recognized him instantly. *Blackfrost!*

"You fox-hearted worm!" Blackfrost hissed as Gorsepelt tried to snap at his neck. "You don't deserve to live another minute!"

She shrieked as Blackfrost sliced off part of her ear. In return, she bit down hard on his tail, enjoying the crunch of bone.

The black tom howled and jumped away. His thorn-sharp claws tore at Gorsepelt's brown pelt, leaving deep gashes. She backed away, blood streaming down her flanks. "Ha! Greencough will take your life in the end! Call that a brave death!"

She swiped her claws at Blackfrost's neck. Eyes wide, he yelped and jumped back. Her claws missed and Gorsepelt howled as she felt claws dig into her neck.

Staggering, she backed away. Bloodloss made her vision hazy.

Sunfeather stood over by Blackfrost, who lay whimpering in the soil. Blood encrusted the fur around her claws. Gorsepelt lunged at her, but the tortishell queen snarled and swiped Gorsepelt away. "That's for killing my kit you rat-heart!"

"I..." Gorsepelt took in a sucking breath of air. "Will make you...all...pay"

Vision starting to darken, Gorsepelt staggered away slowly. She felt the hot, angry gazes of cats behind her. But nobody followed.

Gorsepelt looked down at her fur. It was red and sticky from all of her blood. She let out a moan, "This wasn't my fault. MoorClan betrayed me and turned me into this."

She was dimly aware of the SeaClan border she had just crossed. The root of some marsh plant caught one of her paws and made her trip. Gorsepelt blinked and looked up at the sun. It was sun-high, and she could see buzzards circling in the sky above her. *Here's your next meal* Gorsepelt blinked, closing her eyes.

"Is it dead?" Gorsepelt smelled fish, and a paw jabbed her hard in the rib.

"I don't think so Hootheart. Wherever she came from, she got in a

nasty fight." Gorsepelt felt energy shoot through her limbs. *SeaClan!*

Jerking open her eyes, Gorsepelt glared up at a startled looking, grey and white tom. "Oh StarClan!" he shrieked, clumsy on his paws from being startled.

"They betrayed me! Everyone betrayed me!" Gorsepelt screamed, preparing to kill the SeaClan warrior. "You betrayed me, I'll avenge myself with your life!"

"No!" Gorsepelt felt her claws tear through flesh and blood splattered over her paws.

It was the black she-cat from SeaClan. She lay in a puddle of blood. Gorsepelt narrowed her eyes, *She got in the way.* Her belly was still swollen, she must have given birth to kits not to long ago.

The grey and white tom gasped. "Rippleshade!" He glared at Gorsepelt, angry, venom laced words followed. "You killed my mate! Now our kits are motherless!"

"Get used to-" Gorsepelt prepared to claw at the tom, but her blow was weak. Gorsepelt hissed in frustration, swaying on her paws. She had lost too much blood to put up a fight.

Hootheart snarled and landed a hard blow to Gorsepelt's head. Her vision went black and she dimly was aware of crumbling to the ground. A weight heavier than the moon pushed her into sleep, a deeper sleep than she had ever known before. Gorsepelt let the darkness swallow her.

Silence.

Chapter 10

Gorsepelt blinked her eyes slowly. She was lying on stinking, wet earth. *Where am I?*

Groaning, she got to her paws and looked around. Her sickness was gone, and her fur wasn't sticky anymore. The wounds that Blackfrost had given her had healed into deep scars, most prominently a deep one across her throat. Sunfeather's work.

Her brain was clear, clearer than it had ever been before. Gorsepelt sighed, "I'm free at last."

She looked around, seeing nothing but the half-lit forest. *I need to find out where I am.* The black tree trunks towered above her head, their leaves obscured by a thick fog. Glowing green fungus grew at the bases of the trees, lighting the foreboding forest. Gorsepelt could not smell any prey in the bushes, but she heard a sharp crack behind her.

"Gorsepelt?" The bushes from the half-lit rustled. A dark brown tabby tom stepped out, his fur nearly black in the light.

Gorsepelt shrieked. "Hawkcry!" Snarling, she threw herself at him, claws twitching.

Hawkcry jumped out of the way. His yellow eyes were wide. "I...I had no idea you would come here."

Gorsepelt landed, her claws digging into the earth. Hatefully, she glared at the dark tabby. "I'm going to kill you again if I have to, enough times to make sure you never come back."

"I'm already dead maggot-face," Hawkcry hissed. "You killed me, left me to die. I died alright, after the crows came..."

"Oh." Gorsepelt felt a tiny twinge of guilt, but it quickly faded. "Well I'm not sorry for what I did."

She looked around, trying to avoid his gaze. "Where are we? Obviously not StarClan."

"This is not StarClan Gorsepelt," Hawkcry mewed darkly. "Welcome to the Dark Forest."

StarClan didn't accept me! How dare they! Gorsepelt dragged her claws through the rotting soil. "Why am I here?"

"Because you killed three cats Gorsepelt, including me," Hawkcry pointed out flatly. "The reason I'm here is because I killed Pebblelake."

Gorsepelt felt a rush of anger at the mentioning of the grey and white tom. She growled, "Is he here? Because I really want to rip his throat out."

Hawkcry shook his head, "All medicine cats go to StarClan."

He pointed his tail at the shadowey undergrowth. "Please, if you would come with me, I have some cats for you to meet."

Gorsepelt growled through gritted teeth and followed him. She didn't miss Hawkcry very much, nor did she miss being alive. Her powers were stronger now, she could see how any cat died that she wished. She was wiser, all knowing, but her claws still itched for a fight. Her desire for the clans to fall was growing. She would not rest until she achieved her goal.

Fin. So, this is my second book completed and I'm really proud of this one. All the grammar and word choice is on point this time. Anyway, this was a very gorey book in celebration for Halloween. Now, time to start updating Stormheart's Rebellion!

Characters:

Frostpelt belongs to @blue_sapphire015

Everyone else is mine :3